

# Talks on

HEALTH,  
CLEANLINESS,  
PROPER LIVING,  
SANITATION, ETC.

Dr. W. A. DRIVER

3300 So. State Street  
Phone Douglas 3617



## TUBERCULOSIS AND MIGRATION.

It has been the custom for the tuberculous to seek cure by going far from home and hence far from those who know them best and who would more readily contribute comforts. Such a practice is condemned by the medical profession of today.

Oster, an authority on tuberculosis says: "Geographical position has very little influence. The disease is perhaps more prevalent in the temperate regions than in the tropics, but altitude is a more potent factor than latitude; in the high regions of the Alps and Andes and in the central plateau of Mexico the death rate from tuberculosis is very low."

The most important factor in the cure of any malady is care which broadly considered is proper treatment. The proper treatment of tuberculosis means not only the constant regular care of the patient by a physician but it means all the other care that the nurse and anxious friends and relatives should give. Besides the proper drug

treatment prescribed by a physician (never any other person) the other treatment should be rest, outdoor air, proper nourishment, and good cheer. If the patient is sent to some distant clime there is scant hope of cheerful surroundings among strangers.

The usual patient who is tubercular is so because of poor environment; such a person is usually a financial as well as a physical wreck. To send such a person far from the aid of those who could give what was not obtained before the disease became established is adding fuel to the flames.

Climate will do no good if the patient is not given the proper rest, nourishment, outdoor air day and night and freedom from worry. It is a well known fact that tuberculosis can be cured in any climate if the proper treatment is instituted.

Wandering away from cooperation is not good for tubercular persons. It will increase worry which is a powerful force in the production and maintenance of tuberculosis.

## Birds as Oracles.

A most remarkable superstition of the Kenyahs of Borneo is the consultation of birds. If, for example, a Kenyah has to undertake a long journey he will not risk it without having first consulted the "takki," a kind of hawk. If the hawk flies with its wings spread out to the right side it is a good sign, but if it goes to the left or flaps its wings then the journey is not begun in any circumstances. The next day the Kenyah tries once more until the hawk gives the sign which he wants. Thus the continuation of the journey depends on the flight of the birds. Some birds are of greater importance than others, and also to the singing of the birds attention is given. Other animals are also consulted, and the sea Dyaks call every animal a "bird" when they consult it.

## Phonograph Records.

Phonograph records are made by the cutting of lines in wax, from which a matrix is then formed for the manufacture of the records for use. Edison found that this matrix could be made by gold plating the wax impression and backing up the film of gold with copper. A special wax is used, made of stearin and paraffin, and when the record is originally made on the wax it is electrolyzed with copper and nickel to give it a hard wearing surface. The actual records used on the phonographs are made from the matrix of shellac, wood charcoal, barium sulphate and earth coloring matters; the matrix is heated and placed in the warm plastic material, where it is pressed and cooled. Records are made by the various phonograph manufacturers.

## One of Garrick's Reforms.

It was Garrick who first struck a blow at the custom of allowing members of the audience upon the stage, a practice which at Lincoln's Inn theater, in London, in 1721, led to a most dangerous disturbance, only quelled by calling out the military. In October, 1747, a Drury Lane playbill had the following appended notice: "As the admittance of persons behind the scenes has occasioned a general complaint, on account of the frequent interruption in the performance, it is hoped that gentlemen won't be offended that no money will be taken there for the future."

## Matrimonial Considerations.

"Why do you object to my marrying your daughter?"  
"Because you can't support her in the style to which she has been accustomed all her life."  
"How do you know I can't? I can start her on bread and milk, same as you did."—Chicago News.

## Real Troubles.

"Does it require great mental effort to be a photographer?"  
"Yes, indeed," replied Mr. Snappum. "You have to sit up nights learning funny stories to tell customers in order to make 'em smile and look natural."—Chicago News.

## Paradox.

"There is only one way that people can live happily—that's together."  
"Yes, and there is only one way that people can live at peace—and that's apart."—Judge.

## Dad's Reason.

"Your father refused his consent."  
"He did. Did he give any reason?"  
"Only that he insists on selecting his own son-in-law."—Detroit Free Press.

He that lives for gold sees every thing yellow.—Japanese Maxim.

# Charles E. Stump Visits Many of the Educational Institutions During His Tour Through the Southern States

Jacksonville, Fla.—If you have never been educated, it is certainly an easy thing to get one in this country, because there are so many schools, and I have been to lots of them until I feel that I am one of the most educated men in the country. It is not a long distance from a Kansas farm to an educated man according to the progress I have made.

I want to thank the readers of THE BROAD AX for reading my letters, because that has inspired me to continue to write to say something. I have been doing some riding as you can see from time to time and I am going to do some more. I have been to a few of them educated schools.

In my last letter I was in Macon, Ga., looking around in that town, and visiting the schools to be found in and about there, but did not have much to say about them. My people are making good there. I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Nona Savage who is a trained nurse, and she acted like she was glad to see me. Miss Savage comes from Normal, under the late William H. Council, and this alone tells you that she knows something. She is kept busy looking after the sick there. It is nice to see the young women of the race doing things.

Of course you know I did not remain in Macon, but moved along going to Atlanta, Ga., which is the place where all the laws are made for the state, and where we are doing some business, and don't you forget it. It is a place where our people are doing some business too. It is nice to go to Atlanta, the head school city of Georgia, because we have more real good schools there than any other place, and then there are some business places.

A visit to the Odd Fellow's building is enough to make anybody get religion, saying nothing about a real shout, because it is one of the best and finest buildings in this country owned by our people. The offices are filled with business men and professional men. It is a place where men could go with safety and see the world. Reaching the building I met a little man, C. C. Shanks.

Perhaps you will want to know who this little man Shanks is, for I wanted to know myself. He was about like the man who wanted to see Jesus on that occasion and got way up in a tree. He is auditor of the Atlanta Mutual Insurance Association. It is one of the companies in the south that is doing work like the Metropolitan and other white companies out West. I went in his office and saw so many clerks, I could hardly keep from shouting. His company has just been admitted to do business in Arkansas, and Mr. Shanks was busy getting the man off for to establish agencies and offices. A. F. Herndon is president and T. K. Gibson secretary. They are doing business in Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri. But I must not take up all the time to talk about it.

I met one polite, courteous young woman, who wrote my letters for me. It was Miss Minnie Mae Cloud, who works in the afternoon and goes to school in the morning. She is smart. Then on to another part of the world. This time I went to see Morehouse college. Prof. John Hope is president of this school. He has some real college, and you can see the college spirit there. I have never seen such a fine set of young men. President Hope is of course, one of us and his wife is from Chicago. She is the sister to Adolph Burns up there in Chicago, but then she has an individuality of her own, and one worth while. She is a scholar and a wife and a mother.

I took up some time walking around shaking hands with them professors. Dean Brawley, Prof. Archer, and Prof. this and Prof. that. They are all live wires, and I want to congratulate some body on getting together so much brains.

Then to see Morris Brown University, was the next thing. This is the school of the African Methodist Episcopal church. It has grown and grown until it is one of the largest institutions in the south. It shows just what we are doing for our own education and uplift. At the head of this school is a great man, Dr. W. A. Fountain. He has made such a good record in the school, until they are now talking

about making him a bishop. This will take place in May in Philadelphia, and he has won the place, by training and by hard work. I enjoyed meeting the men and women who were teachers here. They are way up stairs, believe me, honey.

There are three other schools in the city, Atlanta University, Clark University, Spelman Seminary for girls; and now there is also Gallon Theological Seminary, where preachers are trained to tote the word. Some strong men have been turned out from this school.

Up to Newman, Ga., was my next stop, and I am glad that I had the pleasure of going there. Dr. McWhorter, met me at the stable in his auto, and toted me to his house for breakfast, and then to visit the schools. McClelland Academy impressed me very much. It is a Presbyterian connection school, but it is opened for all. At the head of the school is Rev. F. Gregg, A. M., a fine scholar and associated with him are Rev. S. J. Ellis, Prof. F. D. Hooks, Mrs. L. A. Gregg, Misses A. J. Evans, N. W. Kelsey and W. B. Sliger. They are doing good work.

From Newman back to Atlanta, then on to this place. I am here looking at Prof. N. W. Collier and his great work being done at the Florida Baptist college. This young man is a model school man and he is making things happen. He is one of the best young men I have met in any school. He stands for work, real work and plenty of it.

I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Sarah Blocker of the Academy. She has devoted her life to this work, and it is almost impossible to see anything that looks like a black hair about her head, and all have gone in the cause of lifting up her people. She has won her crown of glory, and I am sure the Lord will give it to her when she goes to heaven. Such women should be free from personal care. Hundreds of girls have been helped by this wonderful character. She is a woman of worth and ability. I would mention Prof. Grimes and others.

But it has not all been Sunday school work with my getting around this time. I have been riding in first-class cars. I have decided not to ride in Jim Crow cars any more. I do not care what the condition of it is, when I get in it I make it first-class, because I am riding. I was in one of these specials. A whole one, with a small smoking room. There were only 6 of us folks, and in the rear end was a long seat. It was long enough for me to stretch out, so I took it. It was on the Southern. Shortly after I was seated a man came in and told me to sit up higher.

I turned right red in the face at this and asked him why.

He told me that we had plenty room and some white gentlemen wanted to sit back here. The devil jumped in me as big as the engine which was to pull that carriage, and I told him in plain English that they had no business in there, and I was not going to get arrested by riding with them. It was strictly against the law of Georgia, and I was a law-abiding citizen of the commonwealth of the world. He then said the conductor wanted to sit there. I told him the conductor had from that iron horse back to the end of the car and I had only that one car, and would not move for the conductor.

"I don't want to see you insulted," he added, "and this is what the conductor will do."

"Then he will have to report to the authorities high up for doing so. I am some pumpkins myself, and important at that. I want to have you get yourself right out of here, and if you don't the angel will soon be acquainted with you white man, or them imps. I don't know where you have made up your mind to spend eternity, but if you intrude on us any longer you will have to go whether you have made up your mind or not." He got out in a hurry.

Prof. J. M. Marquess has been elected at the head of the state school of Oklahoma. I congratulate him. I will stop here until next week.

# SPENT FORTUNE TO TRAIN ORPHANS

Washington Teacher Aided  
Those Who Sought Education.

LIVED MODESTLY TO DO ACT

Used Income of High School Instructor in Moderate Manner, and With Money He Earned by Writing He Was Able to Educate Eighteen Students.

Everett, Wash.—F. D. Mack, teacher in the Central school, has spent about \$40,000 in educating eighteen students, seventeen boys and one girl, during the last sixteen years, according to a story he reluctantly told a newspaper representative.

Living on his school salary in a modest way both in Minnesota, his former home, and in Washington, he has earned the money to send students through universities by writing short stories and magazine articles. He has paid out between \$2,000 and \$3,000 on each of his "children."

Some of the youngsters were orphans, and some had no parent, but all were eager to learn and were handicapped by lack of money.

The thirteen boys who are alive are all actively engaged in the professions in which Mr. Mack has educated them. Two are druggists, one being in St. Paul and the other in Los Angeles. Two are instructors in the University of Minnesota, where they were graduated. One teaches mathematics, and the other is an instructor in German.

This latter young man plans to be a physician and in 1914 married a girl who wished to go to Germany to get her master's degree, so he and his bride sailed for Germany to continue their studies, only to be turned back by the beginning of the war.

Mr. Mack sent him through Normal school, the University of Minnesota and Harvard, where he received his master's degree.

A young man who chose to be a broker received his education at the University of Illinois. He started out to be an architect, but changed his mind and took a commercial course. He was graduated four years ago and is now in Minneapolis engaged in the lumber brokerage business. He is the best money maker of the "family." In his four years out of college he has made \$40,000.

A mining engineer who was educated at the University of Minnesota is now working in a mine at Butte, Mont. The banker received a thorough commercial education, and then Mr. Mack sent him up in business in a bank in Elgin, N. D. Mr. Mack says that if any of his boys wants to start in business he always gives them enough money to begin. He recently bought an eighty acre farm for one of them.

A dentist lives in Chicago. He had four years at the University of Valparaiso. Mr. Mack says this boy married a rich nurse.

One boy who studied to be a lawyer lost his health after his graduation from the University of Minnesota law school, so could not practice, and is now employed as chief of the Minnesota state fish and game commission, with headquarters at St. Paul.

Self educated and quiet, Mr. Mack would not be thought responsible for one of the most unusual philanthropies in the world.

## NO PAINTER'S COLIC FOR HIM.

Bill For "Tint" Makes Bachelor Issue Leap Year Declaration.

Elwood, N. J.—Robert W. Hunt, a retired college instructor, received a letter recently from a neighboring town containing a bill for 40 cents for "tint" purchased by "Mrs. Hunt." Hunt is a good looking bachelor with a steady income, and the inquisitive element of Elwood at once interpreted the post-office bulletin in terms of leap year possibilities.

To quiet the buzzing gossip, Hunt has issued the following statement:

"We have had several offers of marriage, and one or two ladies have assumed we were engaged without making any offer, and it is with fear and trembling we pass each day of this year, which is divisible by four. However, when Mrs. Hunt does arrive she shall come as nature painted her, with eyes like the heavens, with cheeks like the rose and with lips like the damp of crushed strawberry. She shall have no need of 'tint.' When we want a kiss we don't propose to mess through two or three coats of paint to get it."

## Dogs Tree Insane Man.

Oregon City, Ore.—Peter Brevio, aged forty-three, an Italian, was treed with the aid of bloodhounds arrested and brought back to Oregon City and committed to the State Hospital for the Insane. Brevio lived in a hollow tree, and his diet consisted of roots, berries and what food he could find around neighboring farmhouses. He stole an ax from a farmhouse and passed much of his time chopping down trees. A number of men of the district determined to arrest Brevio and went to his tree home. The Italian ran away. Dogs were then put on his trail.

## Old Time Witchcraft.

Jane Wenham was indicted at the Hertfordshire assizes on March 4, 1712, for "conversing with the devil in the form of a cat," under the provisions of the act of 1604, repealed in 1736. Her prosecutors wished to have her also indicted for practicing witchcraft to the harm of Ann Thorn, a servant girl sixteen years old, but this was not allowed, although evidence was produced at the trial to show what injury had been done the victim by means of crooked pins and by placing cakes and cats' hair in Ann Thorn's pillow and how the prisoner had caused the death of some cattle simply by walking through a turnip field.

The jury brought her in "guilty," and Justice Powell passed sentence of death, but took steps to quash the verdict. Wenham's prosecutors published an account of the case, but their arguments were pulverized by scientific men. Jane Wenham herself was liberated and taken under the protection of Colonel Plummer, who gave her a cottage, and we are told by Dr. Hutchinson that in 1720 the whole country was fully convinced of her innocence.—London Spectator.

## The Game of Life.

Life becomes, as the stoics more than once tell us, like a play which is acted or a game played with counters. Viewed from the outside, these counters are valueless, but to those engaged in the game their importance is paramount. What really and ultimately matters is that the game shall be played as it should be played. God, the eternal dramatist, has cast you for some part in his drama and hands you the role. It may turn out that you are cast for a triumphant king. It may be for a slave who dies of torture. What does that matter to the good actor? He can play either part. His only business is to accept the role given him and to perform it well. \* \* \* Success or failure is a thing he can determine without stirring a hand. It hardly interests him. What interests him is that one thing which he cannot determine—the action of your free and conscious will.—Gilbert Murray.

## Kings and Shaving.

The classic case of a king who knew better than to let anybody else shave him is that of Dionysius the elder, tyrant of Syracuse, who appears to have been unable to shave himself, for he is said to have resorted to the uncomfortable device of singeing off his beard with hot walnut shells, says the London Chronicle. We may suspect that Napoleon's was another case of the kind. Rogers asked Talleyrand whether Napoleon shaved himself. "Yes," replied Talleyrand; "one born to be a king has some one to shave him, but they who acquire kingdoms shave themselves." That way of putting it pleasantly emphasizes the practical superiority of the parvenu to the helpless, spoiled child of heredity, but prudence probably entered into the matter also, if Talleyrand's statement was correct.

## A Queer Fish.

A male fish which hatches the young of its mate is the Chromis paterfamilias. It is found in the lake of Tiberias, Palestine. Strange to say, this industrious fish hatches its young in its mouth. When the female has spawned in the sand the male approaches and draws the eggs into his gills, where they remain until hatched, when they struggle out of their confinement into the parent's mouth. As many as 200 perfect young are sometimes found in the mouth of an adult male. How the fish manages to feed itself without swallowing its young is a mystery. The grown fish is about seven inches long and one and three-quarters wide. Its back is olive green, shot with blue, and the belly is silver white, marked with green and blue.

## Reason For Complaint.

"I keep the best bread," said a certain baker the other day to a poor fellow who complained of the inferior quality of the article he had purchased of him the day before.

"I do not doubt it," replied the customer.

"Then why do you complain?" asked the baker.

"Because I would suggest that you sell the best bread and keep the bad," was the reply.—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

## Some Evidence.

"You say that preparation will make the hair grow?" asked the thin haired man of the druggist.

"Why, say," came from the drug man, "I know a customer who took the cork out of a bottle of that stuff with his teeth, and now he's got a hair-clip."—Yonkers Statesman.

## Part Often Overlooked.

"It is all right to pat yourself on the back occasionally," said the dispenser of sage advice.

"Yes?" said the player up.

"But don't forget to call yourself down when you need it, my boy."—Pittsburgh Post.

## Treat For the Boarders.

"Ma," queried the small daughter of the boarding housekeeper, "what shall I do with these basting threads?"  
"Give them to me and I will stir them into the frosting for the cocoanut cake," said her mother.—Youth's Companion.

## Lively Cheese.

John—I'll bring you a fork, sir. The Customer—What for? John—The camembert, sir. The Customer—A fork's no good. Bring a revolver.—Exchange.

Sincerity's own realm is one's secret chamber; strong here, a man is strong everywhere.—Saigo.